A Pleaſant DISCOURSE

Between two SEA-MEN,

Tom-Tell-troth and *John Ramble*:

At their firſt meeting in CLUB-HOUSE.

Tom.Tell-Troth. EVaith Brother, I am heartily glad to ſee thee, well come home.

Ramble, *I Thank thee good Brother, how do all things go here?*

Tell-Troth, We are pretty well at quiet, now all the *News-Mongers* are put down, they made a plaguy Noiſe about ones Ears, every day into the Streets, that a body could not Diſcouſe in the Streets with ones Friends for the Clamour they made with them; beſides, every body was ſo deſirous to hear News, that they would buy it, if they left not another penny in their Pockets, and when thay had it, 'twas three parts Lyes, and really 'twas like to put us together by the Ears.

Ramble, *I think it was well they were put down in time then.*

Tell-Troth, Yes y-vaith, for if it had not, it would have made my Vather ſell his *Brown Cow*, and kill his *Crop Eard Horſe*, to come to Town to hear News, vor my part I wiſh my ſelf at Sea again a hundred times, out of hearing of it; and the Coffee-Houſes complayned they ſhould be undone, to pay ſo much Exciſe for Coffee, and buy all the Intelligences, and Pamphlets that were Cryed about Streets, but they were obliged to buy them, or elſe they could have no Trade.

Ramble, *They muſt do as others did, for a Body was as good to be out of the World, as out of the Faſhion in* England.

Tell-Troth, That's right, that makes ſo many Rogues and Whores, as there is, becauſe they would be as Modiſh as their Neighbours.

Ramble, *I have been a pretty while from home, and therefore am unacquainted with the ſtate of Affairs here, prethee Brother tell me ſomething of it, I here a PLOT has been Diſcovered lately.*

Tell-Troth, Aye, but it was about two Years ago, and the Popes great mangied Horſe, will not Eat *Oates* never ſince.

Ramble, *What? becauſe he took a Surfeit about that time, did he?*

Tell-Troth, Aye, they have ſtuck in his Maſters Gills, as well as the Horſes, for it ſeems they uſed to thick his Broth with the Meal of the *Oat*, I believe if he could but get that great *Oat* over to him again, he would ſpoil the Increaſe of that which has been ſo notious to his Stomach.

Ramble, *You have been talking all this while, pray tell me ſeriouſly what you know of the Tranſactions in this part of the World, for I have been ſo hurried up and down that I can hear nothing certain.*

Tell-Troth, Nor I cannot tell you any thing certain, more than that there has been ſome Prieſts and Jeſuites brought to a Period on a Tripple-Tree, and one Lord *Stafford* Beheaded, who knew no better way to ſave his Life, but to dye a Saint, Recorded in the Popes Callender, all this has been concerning the PLOT. Some of thoſe have Indeavoured to kill the King, the beſt of Princes in the World, but by Providence I thank God it has been prevented, and ſo I hope it ever will be.

Ramble, *Amen, I will be Clark to ſay Amen to that ſo long as I live, but do you think thoſe be all that be Guilty concerning the PLOT?*

Tell-Troth, That's no hard Queſtion to Anſwer, for there be others that would be found as Guilty of thoſe that be Executed, though they have Stone Dublet on their Backs, could they come to a fair Tryal, but I believe they are better ſatisfied with the condition they are in, then go any farther as the Caſe ſtands with them.

Ramble, *But prethee tell me, do you think you have fathomed the bottom of the Plot yet?*

Tel-Troth, No by my Vaith I think not, for the Maſter of our Ship ſaid, when he was coming homewards through the *Mediteranian* Seas, he veered out two Hogs-heads of ſmall Ropes, to try if he could find a bottom there, but could find none, as much more ſays he, would not fathom the bottom of the PLOT and Sham-PLOT in *England.*

Ramble, *What you have had two or three Plots then?*

Tell-troth, Aye, a hundred Plots by way of contrivance, to bring it about I believe.

Ramble, *I would not be in the bottom of the leaſt of them, if they are ſo deep, for all the Popes Tripple Crown is Worth.*

Tell-Troth, Why ſo, it is amongſt that Gang eſteemed the deeper they are in, it is thought the ſweeter.

Ram-

Ramble, *As pleasant as it is, if they take a full Dose of it, as they should have, it would force them to make whry mouths.*

Tell-Troth, That's as common as for Children to pisse the *Bed*, if they are catcht promoting a Roman Catholick Cause, you wont think, mun, how the Devil has been at work here.

Ramble, *Prethee how?*

Telltroth, I cannot tell you half what 'tis, but so much of it as I hear is Discovered, I will tell you, we had a Damned Hellish Popish Plot, Discovereed first by Doctor *Otes*, one that was as deep in it as any body concerned, but very honestly made a Discovery.

Ramble, *A pockee Cat, Now I guess what made the Popes great mangy'd Horse not love* Otes, *it seems one grain of* English Otes *was so big, it was like to Choak him, and it lay very uneasy in his Masters Stomach, being turned Heretical, I believe that was the reason why his Unholiness would not, as I am informed have his Pottage thicken'd with* Oat *meal all last Winter, but gave order for the future to have it thicken'd with Rice, as being an ingredient more strengthning to recover his lost Appetite, but you have not told me how the people relisht it when they knew of the Plot.*

Telltroth, How do you think they should relish it well, when the whole 3 Kingdoms was to be turned Topsy turvy, that is the Inside outermost.

Ramble, *That would have been a hard matter for them to have done.*

Telltroth, A great many hands makes light work, as here was a great many *Macks* and *Monsieurs*, besides some whom bread Whelps that have been reported they were to be of in and outsides sociated, every one was to have a great skeen a foot and about four inches long, but first its reported they were to run violently upon all the Protestants and Massacre as many as they could of them, after they had killed the King, or put him out of the way, as they call it.

Ramble, *What were they to do with those Skeens you named just now?*

Telltroth, Why, what they could not destroy that time they would at another with them, for it was resolved not to leave one alive that would not turn Roman Catholick, for either they must turn Roman Catholicks of their own accord, or be turned with their Skeans, the way of proce ding in it was this, they would stick those long Skeans in our Throats, and rip us open down to the bottom of our Bellies, and take out our Intrails, so turn the inside outermost, and put the intrails into the outside, which they intended to make the inside, after being washed with a little Holy-water, and 2 or 3 Masses said over you by way of Consecration, then, if you could not live afterwards to be a Roman Catholick, you might go to the Devil if you had a mind to it, which is all they would care for you; And those bodies that could not conveniently be turned that way I have named, they would make a Law when they had got the power in their hands to reduce them by a good brisk Fire in *Smithfield*, or some other convenient place fit for the purpose, as it was in Queen *Maryes* days.

Ramble, *These are unparallelled Hellish Designs, such as was never invented in Hell before, the Eggs was not only laid in Hell, but brought thus far to perfection by the Pope. I be swear I never heard of the like Contrivances before, which you have named.*

Telltroth. Then you have heard nothing worth a Louse I perceive, for Burning and Cutting the Throats of Protestants has been all along the practice of the *Roman* Catholicks, where the Gang of that Church predominates.

Ramble, *Do you not think that the same Design is pushing forwards still?*

Telltroth, I am apt to believe it is, for their Designs are like a Snake, cut him in two or three places and not till the ead will joyn with the rest of its Members again, or you may compare it to the Pox, for if that be not well extirpated out of the body, but that some dregs remain still behind, unless it be carried quite off, it will in time over-run the whole body by a secret quality or antipathy it has to our natures.

Ramble, *I think its time for me to ramble home to my Lodging now, I find by my Eys it begins to be late, next week Ile meet you here again, and tell you of some of my Travels too, and in several places of the blazing World, which will seem more divertize or Commical to you, that live in this more known World.*

Tell-Troth, As you say Brother, I believe it is late, and I am almost Drunk, Evaith I cannot tell how my Shatterbrains will carry me home to my Lodging, but you told me just now you would tell me a store of your Travels to the blazing World.

Ramble, *Yes, I did so, I perceive your Memory begins to be short, do but remember the time, and its well enough.*

Tell-Troth, I'le Warrant thee *Brother*, I will meet you at this place the day appointed without fail, and please the Doggs; Good Night.

London, Printed for T. Davies, 1681.